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HIGH LICENSE NO REMEDY.

It is entirely proper to "regulate," by law, good things which, in the hands of bad men, are liable to abuse. The law-making and law-enforcing power may be properly invoked to regulate transportation by rail or water, the law may be called upon to declare what is proper interest, and at what point interest leaves off and usury begins, and the law may also regulate the sale of necessary drugs to prevent their misuse by careless, immoral, or bad men.

But an evil, a known, marked, admitted evil, an evil which has no admixture of good, an evil which the sense of the entire civilized world has branded as an evil, can no more be "regulated" than a barrel of powder can be fired off by degrees.

Any evil that needs regulation needs death. If it be an evil, if the world acknowledges and regards it as an evil, killing is the only remedy.

What would be thought of a proposition to make :

- A Law regulating Adultery,
- A Law regulating Burglary,
- A Law regulating Arson,
- A Law regulating Larceny,
- A Law regulating Highway Robbery,
- A Law regulating Forgery,
- A Law regulating Assault and Battery,
- A Law regulating Wife Beating,

and so forth ?

These crimes are not to be regulated. They are forbidden. The law does not say, "You MAY, under certain Rules and Regulations, do these things;" but, for the protection of society, it says, "You shall NOT," and when the law is broken swift punish-

ment is meted out to the offender in any country where law really holds sway.

All offenses against what civilization has decreed to be good are absolutely prohibited, and punishment is prescribed for the offender. The violator of any of the laws of the country expects the punishment prescribed, if he be convicted thereof, and no party has ever been organized to in any way change the nature either of the crime or punishment. There has never been a proposition made to change the estimation in which these crimes are held, neither have those addicted to them ever asked that the protection of the law be thrown over them, or that they should be given any consideration. They are crimes against society, crimes against God and man, and are treated as such.

The traffic in intoxicating liquors is a greater crime than any of these, because it is the parent and cause of all of them, with pauperism, insanity, wretchedness, and everything that is included under the general head of human misery thrown in as make-weights. It is the only traffic on earth permitted to exist that is based upon pure selfishness, and that lowest of all low kinds of selfishness which sees suffering of the most frightful kind unmoved, and which makes profit out of the sufferings of others. There is no traffic permitted to exist so destructive of everything that is good, and so promotive of everything that is bad. It blights, it sears, it rots, it decays, it destroys whatever it touches. If the seller outlives the buyer, it is only because he is cold-blooded enough to make profit out of the destruction of his fellows without exposing himself to the danger they invite, but in the end it kills him. It so worries what little good there may have been in him originally, that if liquor itself does not finally get hold of him, the demoralization inseparable from it brings him to a frightful end in some way. He can no more escape than his victims.

It is the cause of ninety per cent. of the pauperism with which the world is afflicted, and which good men have to pay for, and fully ninety per cent. of the crime in the world may be charged to the same cause. It makes paupers and criminals of men in the first instance, and entails pauperism, insanity, and an irresistible tendency to crime upon posterity. There is but little use in saying this, for it has been said and proven a thousand times over.

The fact that liquor-using is idiocy, and liquor-selling crime, being admitted, we come to the one question, "What are you going to do about it?"

A vast majority of thinking men say—prohibit it. Treat it as you do any other crime—call it crime, treat it as crime, punish it as crime. They want this monster which is eating the very foundation out of everything that is good and decent in society strangled and buried, without the benefit of clergy, with the stake of public opinion thrust through its foul body.

But, unfortunately for humanity, there is another class who say "No" to this, the only direct way of reaching the evil. They admit the criminality of the business; they admit its utter and entire infernalism; they admit that it is ruin, past, present, and future, but they say "Regulate" it. And they base their demand for Regulation upon three propositions.

First. That Prohibition does not prohibit; that where you close the saloons with Prohibition, the drug stores and secret resorts continue to furnish the material for drunkenness the same as ever.

Second. That license, which is their favorite form of regulation, compels the rumseller to pay into the public treasury whatever amount is assessed upon him, which goes to make up to the community a part, at least, of the cost of the traffic.

Third. That under a license system the law will have some control of the traffic, and thus confine it to respectable men.

Never in the world were there three more untenable or absurd positions.

First. No Prohibitionist claims or ever has claimed that Prohibition does away with the use of intoxicating liquors entirely. Everybody knows that in the Prohibition States of Maine, Iowa, and Kansas, liquors are bought, sold, and drank. No one supposes that an appetite which was productive of disastrous results so far back as when the human family consisted of but eight persons, and, so far as we know, was the cause of the reduction of the human family to that number, and which has been steadily increasing ever since, the same as leprosy, the syphilitic taint, and other curses which in the providence of God have been let loose upon mankind, can be stopped at once by the mere edict of a State Legislature. "Thou shalt not steal," "Thou shalt not commit adultery," with eight other "Thou

Shalt Nots," were thundered from Sinai some thousands of years ago, the utterances were clothed with the authority of the Eternal, and the penalty for violation, misery on earth and damnation hereafter, accompanied the Divine command ; but, all the same, all these commandments are violated to-day, as they were yesterday and will be to-morrow, if to-morrow comes.

Does any one suppose for a moment that the rum-enthralled soaker of Portland, whose stomach would make a fair war map of Virginia, in whose enfeebled system the fires of alcoholization have been burning and eating for years, is not going to continue to have the stimulant upon which he has lived so long ? He would have it were it forbidden by twice the authority of the utterer of the Ten Commandments, and were the penalty thrice that spoken by the Almighty and written by Moses.

Does any one suppose that the young thief, or the still younger harlot, the one who wants fictitious courage for the commission of crime, and the other a quick and sudden Lethe in which to find forgetfulness, will be without what they have made necessary to them ?

Does any one suppose that the fast young man who has gotten himself well along the road which has but one ending, is going to be deprived of his wine at his club, and all the accompaniments to the life he has been drawn into ?

Does any one suppose that the proprietress of the brothel is not going to have wine and other stimulants to inflame the habitués of her place, especially as her profit on this branch of her frightful trade is five hundred per centum ?

Who so believes, knows nothing of human nature. Give profit enough, and facilities for breaking this law will be found just as plenty as for the breaking of any other. Is there theft in Portland ? Is there adultery ? Is there Sabbath-breaking ? Is there murder ?

As a matter of course liquor will be sold and drank, no matter what laws are enacted against it. But, mind you, under the well enforced Prohibition laws in those States, the drinkers are only those who are already ruined, either in whole or in part, and, leaving out individual hardships and individual heart-strings as well, it makes precious little difference how much this class gets of it. Confirmed drinkers and confirmed hoodlums are, as a rule, incurable, and the sooner they are out of the way, so far as the com-

munity is concerned, the better. It would be a good thing to give all of these classes all they want, that the reproach of their living might be removed as soon as possible. There is no knife to remove the cancer of appetite when once fixed; there is no medicament that can resuscitate the will-power drowned in alcohol. In ninety-nine cases in a hundred the man once enrolled in the great army of drunkards remains true to his flag, and he marches to no other drum-beat. His fate is fixed, and to the community at large the sooner death relieves him from the service the better. In life he is a curse to himself, a burden either to some one individual or to the community at large, and what power he wields by virtue of his having been born a man, and being borne upon the census rolls as a man, is always wielded to the detriment of everything that is decent and good.

Were this class the only ones affected by the open saloons, I would have them open wide their doors. The community could well afford to furnish the rum to kill off quickly the confirmed drunkards, for modification is impossible in nine hundred and ninety-nine cases in a thousand, and a complete cure is out of the question.

These confirmed victims of the drink habit will have it, and so long as they will have it, and can beg, borrow, or steal the money to pay for it, men will be found who will furnish it to them. It may be a druggist who keeps a back room—it may be an ingeniously contrived hole in the wall or cellar—it may be almost anything, but it can and will be had. In Portland the construction of hiding places for illicit liquor is a regular business out of which one or two men make a rich living.

The admission that Prohibition does not entirely prohibit is no argument against Prohibition. It does prohibit, and at the right place. The dealer who is compelled by virtue of the sweeping Prohibitory law, to which penalties are attached, and which penalties are enforced when the crime is brought home and fastened, may and will sell to confirmed drunkards, but what is he going to do with the boys and the young men who are not confirmed drunkards? He dare not sell to them, and much less dare he entice them into his place. The claws of the hyena are pared and its teeth are extracted. The rum-soaked wretch who must have it can always get it, because his appetite seals his lips and makes him an unwilling witness, but the boy is not so prudent.

And, besides, it is not constantly in the way of the boy. The gilded saloon, with its light, and warmth, and glitter, and show, is not on every corner, furnishing him a more than comfortable lounging place. There is no place open where he can hear the laugh, the song, the jests born of rum, which amuse him more and more as he hears them. To get rum he must go in search of it, and he must undergo the severest kinds of tests before the seller dare commit himself to the chances of furnishing it to him. The young man who lays the foundation of his ruin by occasionally taking a drink with a friend, because he is invited, rather than because he wants it, is spared this temptation. The laboring man who drifts into the whirlpool because he wants a place that is warm and light, where he can read a newspaper, talk politics, or play at games, finds no such place under Prohibition, and he spends his evenings at home, where he should be, seven nights in the week. These classes, which furnish recruits to the great army, are saved, because there is nothing enticing to invite them. It costs more than it comes to to find the stuff, and, when found, there is nothing but the baldest and coldest inducement for them.

Second. The only way that any one has found yet to "regulate" the liquor traffic is to license the sale of liquor, exacting a penalty in money from each one licensed, thus prescribing who may sell and who may not. Two things are sought for in this, or rather one thing is actually sought for, and the other is pretended to be. The thing that is actually sought for is the money for the license; the pretended thing is that no license shall be issued except to respectable persons.

It is true that the licensing of the sale of liquor does pour money into the public treasury at a fearful rate, because the profit on the business enables it to pay almost any tax without material injury to it. The brewer who has a net profit of \$2 a barrel on his product cares but little what tax is put upon the retailer, who is always his man. He cares, as a matter of course; for the less impediments put in the way of his nefarious business the better for him, but it makes but little difference. Few of the large breweries manufacture less than 100,000 barrels a year, and the tax imposed by a license upon each of his retailers is nothing to a man with an income of \$200,000 per year. Make it \$200, as it is in Ohio now, under the "Dow Law," and he laughs at it.

Where the tax is low he does not pay it, because the retailer can well afford to. All the retailer has to do is to be a little more enterprising in seducing weak men and thoughtless boys into his den, and the amount is easily made up. His profits are so enormous that a tax of \$200 per year is nothing to him. He makes it up by the ruin of a few more than he would have been content with without it.

This tax does close out a few grocers who combine liquor with other goods, but that is the very class who do no special harm. Liquor is not their principal business, and they give it up if it does not pay, and the fact that a tax of \$200 compels them to give it up shows how little damage they do. The aggressive liquor dealers,—those whose business it is to hunt men and boys,—they laugh at it. They go on just the same, only they put enough extra work into their business to make up for what the State exacts from them.

Raise the tax to \$500, or even \$1,000 per year, and the result is the same. The brewer reimburses himself by adding something to the price per barrel to the retailer, and the retailer makes himself good by adding a cent a glass to the price to the drunkard. As to the retailers of whisky, they care nothing for it. Another bucket of water in each barrel of whisky makes them all right with the tax. The dealer has a mortgage on the stomach and the nerve system of his customer, and he is absolutely sure of him. If for rum a man will pawn his wife's last gown, or his children's shoes, or the tools he lives by, does it make any difference to him whether the price is five cents or ten? The better class of drinkers can afford any price, the lower grade cannot help themselves. They must have it, and they will have it. Tax, indeed! It is not as it is with flour, and meat, and dress-goods. The poor slave may choose whether he will or will not buy those things, but rum he must and will have, and price is nothing in the count.

I repeat. The manufacturers and dealers have it all their own way. The poor victim must have it, and will have it, no matter what the price may be. Price is nothing to him. Food for himself and family, clothing, shelter, and fuel—when a man can part with all these for rum, it makes no difference to him what the price may be. He will have it.

True, a license law pours money into the treasury, but put the

tax as high as you choose, the amount of this blood money does not and cannot bear any proportion to the cost of the traffic to the community. It does not pay one per cent. of the money-cost to the public, to say nothing of the tears and anguish it occasions. These latter items may not count in the mind of a stern legislator, but to the mother whose life is one of abject misery, who sees before her the certainty of harlotry for her daughters, and the penitentiary and gallows for her boys, it does count something. Her interest in this question cannot be expressed with figures with a dollar mark before them. But the figuring member of the legislature, no matter how much he may brush up his stiff iron-gray hair, cannot show that the heaviest tax makes the community good for the money-cost of the liquor traffic. We do not ask him to consider the moral or heart aspect of the case at all.

One should be ashamed to write on the dollar-and-cent aspect of the trade with the black shadows of the misery it inflicts hanging over him, but there are those who can only be reached through the pocket. The people of the United States pay one thousand millions of dollars per annum for drink alone. What an infinitesimal figure the money taken for licenses cuts compared with this colossal sum ! Figure up the cost of your police system, your jails, penitentiaries, alms-houses, criminal courts, insane asylums, with the thousand other items that should be charged to rum, and then compare it with your petty little license fees ! Toledo, Ohio, pays \$3,000,000 per annum for rum. The city supports a costly police force and has an expensive infirmary, house of correction, insane asylum, and gorgeous courts,—police and criminal,—and the receipts from licenses, all told, amount to about \$80,000 ! Rum does not pay in license one per cent. of its direct cost to the community.

Third. The claim that a system of license confines the business to men of respectability is absurd. There can be no such thing as “respectable” whisky sellers. I mean exactly what I say. It is true the proprietors of the Fifth Avenue Hotel are whisky sellers because there is a bar in the house, and it is true that the place is kept quiet, and that only a certain grade of people are admitted. But because they do not show themselves they are not counted as whisky sellers in the general business sense of the word.

But they do more damage to humanity than the regulars, and

this class is the first who should be wiped out. How many respectable men are in the business, or ever have been? There is that in the trade which prevents respectability.

A man may enter it as pure as a snow-flake and in a year every particle of decency will be rubbed out of him. No man can sell the poison, or be where it is sold, without going by the board, morally.

He sees in a bar-room, I care not how respectable it may be, only the nasty side of humanity. The bar and the rooms adjoining where liquor is sold is where all the smut in the world is originated, and it is where it is retailed and given currency. In these places is where the prize-fighting, the foot-racing, the amusement-gambling of all kinds, is most securely entrenched. There is nothing that is vile or demoralizing that has not whisky for its centre—whisky is the magnet which attracts everything that is indecent, demoralizing, and criminal. Bets are arranged for yacht and base-ball in the bar of the fine hotel, burglaries and murders in the low grade saloons. It is all bad, it is all vile, it is only a question of degree. The wealthy debauchee frequents the Hoffman House, the low ruffian finds his place in Baxter street. But whisky is the inspiration of both, and their ends and aims are exactly alike. It is merely the difference between broadcloth and fustian. There is rotten and rotting mankind under both.

Did anybody ever know of any one being refused a license under a license law because of moral unfitness? Ah, no. In States where the applicants are required to publish their applications, what sort of men make up the long list? The fine hotels are there as a matter of course, but side by side with them are the lowest grade of dives—the vilest places, kept by the vilest men and women.

They get their licenses, never fear. The licensing board dare not offend this class by refusing them. And why? Because these very men make the licensing board. The board is made up by and for these moral pests for their protection. They make the power that makes the licensing power, and they control it. Year after year the sickening farce is played—the lowest and most notorious of the low dives get their license and are authorized to keep their thieves' resort as "respectable" men. License neither diminishes the number nor betters the character of those engaged in the nefarious business.

License does not do the only thing which should be done with the traffic—it does not kill it. I have no patience with the religious sentimentalism that whines about “Licensing a sin,” and all that. If a license law would shut an appreciable number of grogeries, and make it more difficult for men and boys who are not caught by the drink habit, I should say license in default of anything better. A family saved from utter ruin is so much good done—a boy saved from ruin is so much good done. The person who would do what he or she can to help humanity has no right to reject any aid. A half loaf is better than no bread, and if license could be shown to be even a half loaf I should take it eagerly.

But it is not. It does not lessen the amount of liquor sold; it does not improve the *personelle* of the wretches engaged in the nefarious business, and if it does drop money with one hand into the public treasury, it takes it out with the other in increased charges and more shameless raids upon the attenuated purse of the individual victim. It does not stop the traffic. It does not stop the infernal raid upon humanity which is filling jails and lunatic asylums and feeding the gallows. It leaves the conscienceless wretches who are hunting men and boys to pursue their infernal trade, with the additional protection that law gives them. It keeps the saloon open on the most prominent corners, with its private rooms for the initiation of the young into the vices of which it is the centre and inspiration. It makes liquor free, it licenses with the sale all the horrible devices for strengthening its reign and consolidating its power. It leaves the enormous class of weak men and inexperienced boys, which society is bound in its own interests, if not in theirs, to protect—it leaves them open to approach the same as before.

It throws no shield over the helpless wife, or the naked, hungry child. It leaves the State with the regular burden of lunatics and paupers. The mill grinds on just the same, and the never ending grist of fresh humanity, with capabilities for good, goes into the hopper, and out comes the horrible product of lunatics, paupers, and criminals, just the same.

The wail of the worse than widow, the cry of the starved and suffering child goes up to Heaven, but human fatuity has interposed the shield of “Regulation,” and no answer comes. Regulation, forsooth! Can the vitiated appetite of the boy be “regulated?” Is there any way to regulate the man or boy who has

implanted within himself an appetite which has taken from him every particle of will-power? Can you save a man with a fever in any other way than to remove the cause of the fever? "Regulation?" Do you want to take a census to enumerate your children and say, "I will so regulate this evil that this child shall be mine and that one the saloon keeper's?" In brief, do you want to perpetuate an evil, or do you want to kill it? If the rum power really owns the State and community, in God's name let it have its way in peace. If it does not, if humanity has any rights, if the State and the family have any claim to be considered, let the law assert itself, and stamp it out. It is regulated in Ohio, it is prohibited in Maine, Kansas, and Iowa. Ohio is given over to rum and beer. In the others the coming generation, at least, are free from the horrible crime.

At the risk of prolixity I want to re-refer to one or two points already touched upon.

There are two lies which have always been accepted as truths, that ought to be exploded: The first is, "Men will drink in spite of all the law in the world."

Men will not drink until they have been educated to drink. No man was ever born with an appetite for liquor save those unfortunates born of drunken parents. They take to it more kindly than others, but it requires temptation to start even them on the short but steep road. No natural stomach ever craved it. After the boy has been enticed into a whisky or beer shop, and has been plied with the horror a certain time, he wants it more and more every day, and the time comes when he will have it at no matter what cost, but it takes months of bedevilment to bring him to that pass. Of himself he is neither going to hunt the ruin nor take it after he has found it. It is a matter of education, and the brewer, and his agents, the saloon keepers, are the educators. The drunkard is made, not born.

The other lie is that quotation of Pope's which is more quoted than almost any other in the language:

"Vice is a monster of such frightful mien,
That to be hated needs but to be seen,
But, seen too oft, familiar with its face,
First we endure, then pity, then embrace,"

Pope sacrificed sense to sound. Vice never puts itself up in

frightful form at the beginning. On the contrary, vice is always clothed in light and is always pleasant and as alluring as the ingenuity of the devil can make it. Vice, in gin mills, has gorgeous mirrors, cut glass ornaments, bright, cheery furniture, and the most gorgeously beautiful pictures that human genius can devise. Artists of the highest ability are employed to make these places beautiful, and their art is prostituted into a decoy. Is there anything frightful in the gorgeous bar-room of the Hoffman House, with its walls made luminous with nude nymphs warm from the sensuous brush of Bouguereau? Is there anything frightful in the wonderful pictures which speak to the senses from all the walls? Not at all. Thousands throng that wondrous place to see those jewels so appropriately set. What are they there for? The proprietor probably knows no more of art than the pig does of Sunday, but other people do, and he paid his money for the best in art. What for? In the interest of art? Ah, no. These pictures are so many decoys. The young man whose pulse quickens as he stands before this work of forbidden beauty, must patronize the bar, and he drinks, paying two prices for what he consumes. He takes this art bait kindly, and comes again, or goes straightway to other bars of the same kind, whose proprietors give him quite as tempting excuses. The proprietors are simply rumsellers, and these fittings and accessories are their advertisements.

Vice does not stop with beauty on its walls. Vice has the liquors it kills with, of the warmest and most seductive colors. Its wines sparkle, it puts pure cold vestal ice into glasses, through which prismatic rays dart and glitter to the enticement of the eye; it adds to that sugar of the whitest and purest, lemon of the richest and coolest colors, and liquors that look as beautiful as a painter's dream, and it mixes the delicious compound in a way that would seduce an anchorite. And the compounder has diamonds blazing from his immaculate shirt-front, his hair is combed and brushed in most careful particularity, his apron is of the whitest and his boots are polished to the last degree. And then this compound, which is seduction to the eye as well as the stomach, is not shoved at the victim coarsely or carelessly. The very mixing of it is artistic. In the most tantalizing way the right hand of the low priest of vice pours the glittering mixture in a rainbow-like stream from one beautiful glass to another, permitting it to

dance through the air, giving you as many tints as there are in a kaleidoscope, and filling space with a delicious perfume. The drink is a work of art. There is a seduction in the clink of the ice against the sides of the glass, there is a treacherous kindliness in the "glug, glug, cloop, gug glug" of the liquor as it leaps out in an amber stream over the ice, and lights up with brilliant color its crystal whiteness, and when the compound is completed it is permitted to stand a moment while the rim of another glass, as thin as paper and as beautiful as a fairy's dream is dipped into pure refined sugar, making an inexpressibly delicate frosting, the vision is poured into this, the whole then crowned with cool green leaves of mint, with slices of lemon artistically disposed, and with ripe luscious red strawberries nestling lovingly among them ; well, talk of vice putting on a frightful mien. Why there is nothing more beautiful in the world. No housewife so decorates the dishes she places before her guests ; nowhere can anything so absolutely æsthetic be found.

But the bottom, the foundation of the whole is alcohol, and that bites and stings just the same as though it came hot from the still, and was drunk out of a tin dipper. The eye, and sight, and the other senses are used to betray the young man at his vulnerable points, the stomach and brain, and the law gives the greedy seller the right to do it.

Is there anything frightful in the heated air that steals up from unseen sources in the winter and the cooled air that comes without call in the summer ? Is there anything frightful in the flowers they have for your delectation all the seasons, and the things of beauty with which they surround you ? Ah ! no, indeed.

But what has all this to do with license ? Everything. When an advocate of license wants to crush a Prohibitionist he takes him to one of these places to show what the liquor business should be, and would be were it properly conducted. The idiot does not realize that these are the places that should be remorselessly crushed out first of all ; that these places are the ones above all others that should be killed. These are the recruiting stations. These are the places where young men congregate, because they are respectable. Here is where Vice exerts her greatest power, because she is disguised and in her best array. The skeleton is puffed, padded, and painted.

If mankind had to deal with the hideous, frowsy, filthy

termagant Pope has in his mind, there would be no danger, to the young at least. After dealing awhile with the syren who invites him, he will and does become so depraved as to deal with the hag, but not at the beginning.

When it comes to the "frightful mien," it is when vice has him safe in her clutches, and does not need to masquerade. It is after the fancy drinks have done their work that vice finds that sugar, lemon, pounded ice, and all that is wasted, that all she needs to finish with is plain matter of fact alcohol, undisguised. Then vice becomes hideous, but she cares not. She is then dictating terms—not the victim. So that he gets the alcohol it does not matter whether it is served by a sprucely dressed, be-diamonded young man, or a toothless hag whose hair has not known a comb from girlhood. It may come from washed or unwashed hands, the alcohol is all that is wanted; the shortest road to death on a dung-hill or the padded cell in the lunatic asylum is what the victim wants then, and he will get it no matter what laws stand in his way.

Now, what are you going to do with these gilded places where your boys are seduced? License them? Better license the places of low resort, the finishers.

The young man who is seduced into these places by the cut glass and wonderful concoctions will not long stay there. Ah, no! The time will come when his blunted senses will have no enjoyment of these beautiful surroundings; when all he will require will be the straight, unadulterated liquor; when he will care nothing for surroundings, but drink for effect only. He goes from the Hoffman to the Bowery, and from the Bowery to Baxter street. He is as sure to come to it as the sun is to rise and set so many days. He starts with the cut glass and the strawberries, but the day will come when the bottle will be good enough for him, and that day is never far distant. It only takes a few years, —sometimes months,—to mark the time. There is no disease that does its work so certainly and none so quickly.

Looked at from any point of view, "Regulation" of the liquor traffic is not to be thought of, provided the liquor traffic is wrong. When you have conceded the necessity of "Regulation," you have conceded the necessity of Prohibition. If it is an evil that calls for legal intervention at all, it calls but for one kind, and that is destruction. A good thing that may be abused may be regulated,

but not a bad thing, which the whole world concedes to be bad through and through. You license the respectable makers of drunkards with a faint hope of prohibiting the traffic by the finishers of the work. Humanity does not want "Regulation." It makes no difference to the starving and freezing wife whether her rum-enthralled husband gets his liquor at the licensed drunkery or at a free one. He will have it anyhow, at no matter what cost. But it does matter to the suffering mother whether there shall be licensed rum shops on every corner, full of light, full of beautiful things, warm in the winter and cool in summer, full of enticements, which, under the protection of the law, shall entice her children into their awful devil-fish embrace, and add to the horrible curse of a drunken husband boys certain to be drunkards and girls certain to be harlots. It makes a difference to the community at large, to the tax-payers, whether the evil shall go on, the black stream rolling on for ever, bank-full. License, which is Regulation, means its perpetuation, its continuance, without let or hindrance. Prohibition means the saving of the coming generations and the help of those now on the road. One strengthens traffic—the other is an honest attempt at its suppression.

That is the difference between Regulation and Prohibition.

DAVID R. LOCKE.